Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remem
Thou flewest my husband Henr
And Edward my poore sonne a
Glo. Ere you were queene, ye
I was a pack-horse in his great af
A weeder out of his proud aduer
A liberall rewarder of his friends
To roy alize his blood *I* spilt mi
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much bet
Glo. In all which time, you and
Were factious for the house of L
And Riuers, so were you. Was n
In *Margarets* battale at Saint A
Let me put in your mindes, if yo
What you haue beene ere now, a
Withall, what *I* haue beene, and
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villai
Glo. Poore Clarence did forsak
Yea and forswore himselfe (whic
Qu. Mar. Which God reuen
Glo. To fight on Edwards par
And for his meede (poore Lord)
I would to God my heart were f
Or Edwards soft and pittifull lik
I am too childish foolish for this
Q. M. Hie thee to hell for shar
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kin
Ri. My Lord of Glocester in t
Which here you vrge to prooue
We followed then our Lord, our
So should we you, if you should
Glo. If I should be? I had rathe
Farre be it from my heart the th
Q. M. As little ioy (my Lor
You should enioy, were you this
As little ioy may you suppose in
That I enioy being the Queene
Q. M. A little ioy enioyes the
For *I* am she, and altogether ioy